BE HAPPY AS YOU CAN

T is life is not all sunshine,
Nor is it yet all showers.
Set storms and calms alternate,
As thorns among the flowers.
And while we seek the roses,
The thorns full oft we scan;
Still let us, though they wound us,
Be happy as we can.

This life has heavy crosses
As well as joys to share,
And griefs and disappointments
Which you and I must bear.
Yet if Misfortune's lava
Entombs Hope's dearest plan,
Let us, with what is left us,
Be happy as we can.

The sum of our enjoyment
Is made of little things,
As oft the broadest rivers
Are formed of smallest springs.
By treasuring small waters
The rivers reach their span;
So we increase our pleasures,
Enjoying what we can.

There may be burning deserts
Through which our feet must go,
But there are green oases
Where pleasant palm-trees grow,
And we may not follow
Where our hearts would plan,
Let us make all around us
As happy as we can.

Perhaps we may not climb with
Ambition to its goal,
Still let us answer "Present,"
When duty calls the roll!
And whatever our appointment,
Be nothing less than Man,
And, cheerful in submission,
Be happy as you can.

NO THIRD MRS. PERRY.

"She ain't the same sort as your first wife, Henry," said Mrs. Perry, with an ominous closing of her upper lip over the lower one.

Mrs. Perry called herself a devout christian All through the country she was held in estimation as one of the salt of the earth, comforting beside a sick bed, efficient in a neglected household, and welcome everywhere. And when Allice May came to the old homestead, as her son's second wife, she naturally looked up with reverential affection to the venerable white-capped old lady.

"Sweetheart!" the young husband had said, looking fondly into the eyes of his bride, as they stood under the blossoming boughs of the quince trees on the soft May night when first he brought her home, "do you think you can be happy here?"

"Oh, Henry," the young wife had replied, "it is like a little paradise."

But Mrs. Henry Perry soon found out that Lilac farm was something more practical than her ideas of paradise.

"Don't know how to churn!" said Mrs. Perry, senior, in amazement. "Why Allice where were you brought up? Henry's first wife thought nothing of churning twenty pounds of butter of a morning besides doing all the house work, and getting breakfast for four hired men."

Allice colored to the very roots of her luxuriant chestnut-brown hair.

"I know nothing about the country, dear Mrs. Perry," said she, for she was too shy to use the tender term 'mother' unless by the special invitation which had not been accorded. "I was educated, you know, at a boarding school; after I graduated I taught school until I met Henry, and ——"

"I dare say," said Mrs. Perry, dryly; "but if you are going to be a farmer's wife, it is high time you acquainted yourself with some of the duties pertaining to your position. My son's first wife, now, was a model."

Alice looked eagerly up.

"Please, Mrs. Perry," she said, tell me what she used to do. Of course, I have had no experience, but——"

"Well, said Mrs. Perry, looking up to the top fringe of the curtains and touching the tips of her fingers reflectively together, "she had a faculty, Dorothy had. She was a famous cook. She baked fresh pies every day, for no one can be expected to like stale pies. Her hot breakfast biscuits were like flakes of snow, and we mostly had waffles for supper, with honey and fresh apple-sauce. She always got up at four o'clock of a Monday morning to do the washing. Henry's shirts have never been the same since Dorothy was removed. And I wish you could have seen her mornings. The sewing circle met here once a month, and the teas Dorothy got up were the talk of the neighborhood. And there was a 'Sister of Industry meeting' once a fortnight, and the 'Singers' Symposium' every other Friday. She was a noble-hearted Christian, Dorothy was! And then she did all the family sewing. She could not reconcile it to her own conscience and her husband's income she said, 'to hire such work done.'"

And Alice, who had committed the enormity of having a dress made by a dressmaker, colored scarlet and hung her head.

"Then at butchering time," proceeded relentless Mrs. Perry, senior, "Dorothy always, always made the tripe and sausage-meat and corned the ham herself; and she cleaned house four times a year. She was a masterhand at quilting, and she always made her own bonnets. A woman can save so much for her husband in that way. As for the butter and cheese, I think if she hadn't died so suddenly, poor thing, that she could have beaten any record in the country!"

Alice sighed deeply. How could she, a slender, inexperienced girl of twenty, hope to cope with these marvelous attainments?

"Henry never told me all this," said she.

"I suppose he has thought of it many a time," said Mrs. Perry senior. "But perhaps he didn't like to allude to it while you were playing on your melodeon and reading your books. Dorothy never got any time to read!"

"But if you'll teach me," pleaded Alice, "I will do my best to learn."

She locked the melodeon, put away the books and portfolio, and her basket of fancy needle-work, and set herself resolutely to work to fill the place of the departed Dorothy.

"Why, what a little housewife you are," said Henry, laughing when she showed him the tray of golden butter that she had churned, and succeeded in burning her fingers at the ironing fire and reducing her pretty complexion to scarlet, in cooking buckwheat cakes for breakfast.

"I want to be one," said Alice, wistfully.

She cut up squares of bright colored calico into patch-work, she studied the cookery-book until her head ached, she caught a heavy cold working over butter in the damp dairy house, and sprained her wrist washing clothes, which after all looked dim and dirty. She rose early and went to bed late; she counted eggs, mixed whitewash, made herself sick chopping up sausage-meat, and strained her back lifting a kettle of pickles off the fire, and still she strove resolutely on.

"I should like to do just what Dorothy did," she said to herself. "I don't think Henry is quite pleased when I am so busy in the kitchen of an evening that I cannot spare time to come in and hear him read the Waverly novels aloud. And my feet ached so this morning with the cream skimming that I could not walk with him to the haying ground. But I am doing my duty, and that ought to be reward enough!"

That same afternoon, however, poor Alice was forced to flee to her own room with sick headache, and seek the refuge of her pillow. There, Mrs. John Bonney, a cheerful little neighbor, found her.

"Sick, are you? asked Mrs. Bonney.

"I'm not very well," acknowledged Alice.

"Ah, I thought so!" said Mrs Bonney.

"What do you mean?" asked Alice.

"Why, you've been killing yourself by inches!" said Mrs. Bonney, "as fast as you could. I've seen it all. I'm not your next door neighbor for nothing!"

"I am trying to do my duty," pleaded Alice, with filling eyes. "I'm trying to be like my husband's first wife!"

"Fiddlesticks! said Mrs. Bonney. "Like Dorothy Parker, indeed! Why she was nothing but a household drudge, and she finally drudged herself to death, without anybody being particularly sorry for her. She never visited, she never read, she never kept up with the progress of life's march around her. Any machine could have filled her place.

"Mrs. Bonney, you ought not to talk so," said Mrs. Perry uneasily.

"It's the truth," said Mrs. Bonney. "However, do as you please. Its a privilege which people generally claim I have observed; kill yourself if you like. Perhaps the third Mrs. Perry will be a little more sensible."

So Mrs. Bonney put the boquet of tea-rose buds, which she had brought, into water, and tripped laughingly home, while Alice, clasping her hands over her throbbing temples, tried to ask herself which was right, herself or Mrs. Bonney, and in which direction her path of duty really and actually lay.

And it was at this critical moment that she heard the nasal, monotonous voice of her mother-in-law downstairs talking to her husband, and uttering the sentence which opens our sketch.

"She ain't the same sort as your first wife Henry," said Mrs. Perry, Sr., and she never will be, let her try as she will. She hasn't got the faculty you see."

She lay there quite still and quiet, with closed eyes. She never opened them when Henry Perry himself tiptoed into the room, and believing her asleep tiptoed out again, muttering to himself:

"Poor little daisy, she is entirely done up!"

The next morning, however, Alice rose and dressed herself with care.

"Bless me," said Mrs. Perry, Sr., "where are you going, Alice?"

"To the village," answered Alice.

"What for?" cross-questioned the elder matron.

"To engage a dressmaker and seamstress first," said Mrs. Perry, Jr., and to get a strong girl to do the housework, next."

"A——girl!" screamed the old lady, Dorothy never——"

"No," said Alice; "I know she never kept a servant. But Dorothy cleaned, and churned and sewed herself out of the world. I've no intention of settling my own career in that sort of way. I find that I can't do the work of this farm myself without breaking down my health, and shutting myself out of the world of books and science. I do not think my husband desires such a sacrifice——"

"Of course I don't," said Henry, promptly. "The house has been as lonely as a convent since you buried yourself in the kitchen and dairy. I married you for a companion, not a drudge. Have half a dozen servants, Alice, only let us have books and music and pleasant wood-lawn walks again."

"Thank you dearest," said Alice, as she kissed his forehead.

Mrs. Perry, Sr., rolled up her eyes and clasped her hands, and declared *sotto voce* she didn't know what the world was coming to.

Mrs. Bonney was feeding chickens at her own door when Alice Perry returned from her walk to the village.

"Are you better?" asked this young red republican, smiling cordially.

"Thanks," Alice answered, "I am much better. I have just engaged a sewing woman and a stout Sweedish servant girl to do the house work at the farm. I am no longer ambitious to do as Dorothy did."

Mrs. Bonney waved her sun bonnet in the air and exclaimed:

"Bravo! There will be no third Mrs. Perry after all!"

And her words were prophetic.—*Rural Press.*

"Reason Enough."

"Back, I say!"

The silvered foam of the sea was splashing in rythmic cadence on the white sand of the beach, while here and there a fleck of waveaing light from the signal buoy on Sardine shoals—that dreaded spot beneath whose treacherous waves so many goodly ships freighted with precious burdens from far Cathay and Muskegon had disappeared forever.

"You don't love me," said the girl, speaking slowly, "or you could not speak so cruelly. On this beautiful night, when the hills are suffused with amber haze, through which the stars glow and throb in silent splendor, we should think of naught but love—pure, passionless love, that will bind our hearts together in a chain whose every link shall be a kiss, whose every fold a sweet caress."

For an instant the man did not reply. Then the girl stretched forth to him he bare white arms that glistened like marble in the glowing dusk, but he heeded them not,

"Will you not speak to me, sweetheart?" she said, an infinite pathos in the words.

No answer came. Again the outstretced arms pleaded mutely and with pitiful eloquence for the joy that was never to be. Looking at her with a haughty, almost Vice President Davis expression on his face, Bertram again said:

"Back, I say!"

With a despairing gleam in her handsome eyes Girofle turned away and began to sob as if her corset would break. "God help me," she said, in desparing accents, "I cannot back."

"Why not," asked Bertram.

"Because," was the reply in tear-stained tones, "my polnaise is too eternally tight."—*Chicago Tribune.*

Blasting Without Boring.

An Austrian engineer has discovered a new method of disintegrating rocks. The chief feature of this system is to employ a hollow cylinder like a gas pipe and to place a dynamite cartridge, not as hitherto in a hole bored into a rock to be blasted, but in the cylinder in question. The cattridge only touches the surface of the rock which it is desired to shatter. The explosion of the dynamite is effected by means of electricity, and the effect is said to be greater than the usual cartridge in a hole in the rock. The rock is shattered into fragments so small that a fair stream is able to wash them away without help, whereas in the case of gunpowder the rock is only split up into blocks more or less troublesome to remove. This system is calculated to effect a saving of fully forty per cent. as compared with the old system.

A MOB FOILED.

Five People Killed Outright, Six Seriously Wounded and Seventeen Others Slightly Hurt.

Telegram from Ashland, Ky.

Wm. Neal and Ellis Craft were convicted some months ago at the Catlettsburg (Boyd county, Ky.) circuit court of the murder of Robert and Fannie Gibbons and Emma Carrier. They were granted a new trial by the supreme court. George Ellis, an accomplice who confessed and was sentenced to imprisonment for life, was hanged by a mob at Ashland last summer.

On Monday last, Neal and Craft, guarded by 220 state troops, with one section of artillery, arrived at Catlettsburg from Lexington, where they have been held for safe keeping, to stand trial. Yesterday Judge Brown granted a change of venue to Carter county. Last night a mob at Ashland stopped a train on the Chespeake & Ohio railroad and searched it for the prisoners. This afternoon at 2:30 Sheriff Kountz, with the state troops and prisoners, boarded the steamboat Granite State for Maysville, intending to go thence by rail to Lexington jail to confine the prisoners until trial. The mob at Ashland, which is five miles down the river toward Catlettsburg, seized a ferryboat and stood out to intercept them. The Granite State, under full headway, steamed around the ferryboat, when, seeing they were about to lose their prey, the mob opened fire, which was returned by the troops with fatal effect. The ferryboat party, finding the troops were in earnest, withdrew, with one killed and several wounded. The battle was for several minutes pretty hot, but the steamboat rapidly got away and out of range of the shore in front of the Aldine hotel. The fire of the troops was severe, the shots passing over the ferryboat, killing five spectators and wounding twenty-one others. Among those killed were a woman and an infant in her arms, whose brains were dashed out by a stray shot.

In the midst of the excitement a runaway team and wagon dashed into the struggling mass of citizens as they fled from the murderous bullets, altogether making a frightful scene.

The community is very much excited, and threats are made to go to Lexington in force and execute vengeance upon the prisoners.

None of the passengers were hurt by the firing of the mob.

Following is a partial list of the killed and wounded:

Killed—Col. Rippart, George Kener, a child of Henry Dunlap, James McDonald, John Baugh.

Seriously wounded—Charles Bolinger, Will Bolinger, Willis Serrey, Will Springer, Moses Serrey, Gerham Randall and Robert Pritchard.

Slightly wounded—Mart Dunlap, Alex. Harris, John Gallagher, Julius Sommers, Thomas Bird, Mrs. B. Butler, A. H. Dickson, Thomas Demererа, N. E. Bell, Dr. Gills, Martin Gear, Robert Lowther and J. W. House.

Col. Rippart, numbered among the killed, was an old and highly respected citizen of 70 odd years, universally loved, and a favorite of both old and young. He was the father-in-law of Col. Douglass Putnam, Jr., superintendent of the Ashland Coal and Iron Railway company, and well known in Marietta circles.

Bullets striking the depot and penetrating the walls caused its occupants to seek healthier quarters.

The list of wounded includes all ages and both sexes, and amputation in several cases will be necessary.

Mother.

It is easy to say, "be kind to mother," and ninety-nine people in a hundred will say it, and many of them will be mighty unkind to mother if they are not careful to watch every expression and not speak harshly some day when the cares of the world trouble them When the mother is old and has nothing to do but to think of her boys, and compare their present size with their size when she tenderly cared for them, and when she becomes so tender hearted that a cross look makes her so sorry, a big boy wants to look at himself in the glass before he speaks, for fear there may be an expression of care on his face which she will mistake for something else. A man that can school himself so he can go from the cares of the world, where his heart is hardened and his brain nearly crazed, to the presence of his mother with a happy smile, as though the world was all a great picnic, full of fun, and sunshine, and laugh heartily as she tells him he is just a great big boy, though his hair is becoming a red roan, and do the laughing and smiling for mother, when his heartstrings are pulling with pain, has got that in him that will make him come out right in the battle of life. We were at a railroad junction one night last week waiting a few hours for a train, in the waiting room, in the only rocking chair, trying to talk a brown-eyed boy to sleep, who talks a great deal himself when he wants to keep awake. Presently a freight train arrived, and a beautiful little old woman came in, escorted by a great big German, and they talked in German, he giving her, evidently, lots of information about the route she was going, and telling her about her tickets and her baggage check, and occasionally patting her on the arm. At first our United States baby, who did not understand German, was tickled to hear them talk, and he "snickered" at the peculiar sound of the language that was being spoken. The great big man put his hand up to the good old lady's cheek, and said something encouraging, and a great big tear came to her eye, and she looked as happy as a queen. The little brown eyes of the boy opened pretty big, and his face sobered down from its laugh, and he said, "Papa, it is his mother!" We knew it was, but how should a four-year-old sleepy baby that couldn't understand German, tell that the lady was the big man's mother, and we asked him how he knew, and he said, "O, the big man was so kind to her." The big man bustled out, we gave the rocking chair to the little old mother, and presently the man came in with a baggage man, and to him he spoke English. He said: "This is my mother and she does not speak English. The is going to Iowa, but I have to go back on the next train, and I want you to attend to her baggage, and see her on the right car, with a good seat near the center, and tell the conductor she is my *mother*. And here's a dollar for you, and I will do as much for your mother some time." The baggage man grasped the dollar with one hand, grasped the big man's hand with the other, and looked at the little German mother with an expression that showed that he had a mother too, and we almost know the old lady was well treated. Then we put the sleeping mind reader on a bench and went out and got acquainted with the big German, and he talked of horse trading, buying and selling, and everything; that showed him to be a live business man, ready for any speculation, from buying a yearling colt to a crop of hops or barley, and that his life was a very busy one, and at times full of hard work, disappointment and rough roads, but with all of his hurry and excitement, he was kind to his mother, and we loved him just a little, and when, after a few minutes' talk about business he said, "You must excuse me. I must go in the depot and see if my mother wants anything," we felt like grabbing his fat red hand and kissing it. O, the love of mother in any language, and it is good in all languages.

Recovering Lost Gold.

Up to the commencement of the war there had passed through the branch mint at Dahlonega over $20,000,000 of gold dust, and a low estimate will place the amount of gold extracted by the ordinary methods in the state of Georgia at $40,000,000. It has been known all the while that by the crude, simple ways of amalgamation practiced at the gold mills much of the gold escaped with the tailings and was lost forever in the beds of streams.

Some publication has been made of a new process for saving gold, invented by Dr. S. F. Charles, of Forsyth county, Ga. Dr. Charles is a Bavarian, a graduate of the royal engineering and mining schools of Freiburg, Saxony, and gained a valuable practical experience among the mines of the Hartz Mountains. A modest, unassuming man, Dr. Charles is, perhaps, the best posted gold mining and gold milling expert in the country. He is the owner of an immense lead of refractory ore on the Etowah river, in Forsyth county, which it is impossible to work profitably by the present system of amalgamation with quicksilver on copper plates. To save the gold in this ore, Dr. Charles has invented a process which he attaches to the ordinary stamp mill, beginning where it leaves off—that is, he takes the ore pulp that has been crushed by the stamps and passed over the copper plates, direct into his apparatus instead of letting it flow away as tailings, and further manipulates it, getting five times as much gold on his silvered cloths, precipitated there by electricity generated by a small dynamo electro machine, as is saved by the copper plate of the stamp mill, over which it has passed.

Last week Dr. Charles, having attached a somewhat incomplete apparatus to the first-class ten-stamp mill at the Franklin and McDonald gold mines, under the management of Col. A. H. Moore, in Cherokee county, in a two days' run, practically demonstrated the entire success of the invention. After the mercury tables of the stamp mills had done their best, and the pulp had left them, ordinarily to flow into the Etowah river, it was run directly into Dr. Charles' silvered cloth electric amalgamator, which retained and saved five times more gold than the mercury tables of the stamp mill retained and saved. This invention which Dr. Charles proposes giving to the mining world is of incalculable value to the owners of the universally refractory gold ores of Georgia, Virginia, the Carolinas and Alabama, as well as to the whole country. Just think of it! In order to obtain $40,000,000 of gold, $200,000,000 has been wasted in Georgia alone!

Dr. Charles' process will revolutionize the milling and reduction of refractory gold ores, and render immensely profitable what has hitherto been comparatively valueless.—*Atlanta Constitution.*